

*The history*

O the diuill take such cossoners, god forgiue me,  
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We wil stay your leifure.

*Hot.* I haue done I faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottissh prisoners,  
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,  
And make the Douglas sonne your only meane  
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd  
Wil easely be granted you my Lord.  
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed,  
Shal secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble prelat welbelou'd,  
The Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of Yorke, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at Bristow the lord Scroop,  
I speake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely staies but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shal bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it, Vpon my life it will do well.

*Nort.* Before the game is afoote thou still lettst slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,  
To ioine with Mortimer, ha!

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

*Wor.* And tis no little reason bids vs speed,  
To saue our heads by raising of a head,  
For beare our selues as euen as we can,  
The king will alwaies thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

*Hot.*

*of Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* He does, he does, wee le be reueng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cosson farewell. No further go in this,  
Then I by letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,  
He steale to Glendower, and Lo: Mortimer,  
Where you and Douglas, and our powres at once,  
As I will fashion it shall happily meete,  
To beare our fortunes in our own strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

*Nor.* Farewell good brother, we shall thrue I trust.

*Hot.* Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,  
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport, *Ex:unt*

*Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand*

*1 Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day ile be hangd,  
Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not  
packt. What Ostler.

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

*1 Car.* I preeche Tom beat Cuts saddle, put a few flockes in  
the point, poore iade is wroong in the withers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*2 Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that  
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is turned  
vpside downe since Robin Ostler died.

*1 Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioied since the prise of Oates rose,  
it was the death of him.

*2 Car.* I thinke this be the most villainous house in al London  
road for fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

*1 Car.* Like a Tench, by the Masse there is nere a King christen  
could be better bit then I haue bin since the first cocke.

*2 Car.* Why they will allowe vs nere a Iordane, and then we  
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breedes fleas like  
a loach.

*1 Car.* What Ostler, come away and be hangd, come a way.

*2 Car.* I haue a gammon of bacon, and two razes of Ginger,  
to be deliuered as far as Charing crosse.

*1 Car.* Gods bodie, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-  
ued: what Ostler? a plague on thee. hast thou neuer an eie in thy  
head? canst not heare, and twere not as good deede as drinke to  
break

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break